

THE SPANISH FORK PRESS

Elisha Warner, Publisher

SPANISH FORK, UTAH

KEEPING TRACK OF FREIGHT

Ingenious Method Which Enables Shippers to Follow Every Movement of Goods.

An ingenious method of tracing every movement of a freight shipment has been invented.

The tracer consists of a red cover, a little larger than a post card, in which are a number of perforated post cards which can be torn out. Each tracer has its individual number. The shipper fills out the blanks on its first page with the number of the car containing the shipment and other data, and also with any instructions that he wishes to give agents along the route.

The tracer is turned over to the agent at the point of origin, who fills out blanks showing when the shipment started. Then he sends the tracer on by railroad mail to the agent at the next big city or division point, or to the junction where the shipment is turned over to another line.

When the agent there sends the shipment on, he makes a record of the transaction, with the date and hour on a blank attached to the tracer and a carbon sheet makes the same record on a postal card, which is numbered No. 1, and also bears the tracer number. This post card is then torn out and mailed back to the shipper, who files it. The tracer itself goes on to the next division point, where the agent makes the same sort of a record, mailing the post card back to the shipper, and so on until the delivery is recorded on the tracer itself. The tracer then is mailed either to the shipper or consignee.

If there are indications of damage to the shipment at any point, they are noted by the agent at the time he receives the shipment on the post card which he mails back to the shipper, who thus can tell on what line the injury is done.

It is asserted that the tracer is invaluable not only in keeping the shipper in close touch with his freight, so that he can tell immediately if there is any unnecessary delay, and if so, where it is, but the post cards also give him a history of the shipment as it goes forward, which will aid greatly in settling claims and save a great amount of correspondence.

Argentina.

So far from being a "trifling country," Argentina is one of the most important countries of the earth. Her area is about 600,000 square miles, or nearly three times that of the German empire. In 1909 the imports were valued at \$300,000,000, the exports at \$397,000,000. She is the greatest corn exporter in the world and the first exporter of meats. In the exportation of wool and wheat she is second, with a fair chance of soon becoming first. In the variety and number of its live stock Argentina surpasses every other country. Thirty years ago her cultivated land was 1,000,000; now it is 14,000,000 acres. More than \$900,000,000 of English capital is invested in Argentina. There is not on earth a more progressive land.

The Inns of Chancery.

Most of the old Inns of Chancery are no more. Clement's Inn, where Falstaff and Shallow "heard the chimes at midnight," New Inn, of which Sir Thomas More was a member; Lyon's Inn, where Coke once taught the students; Furnival's Inn, where Charles Dickens lived; Thavies Inn, which was one of the earliest of all the legal settlements in London; Barnard's Inn, where Lord Chief Justice Holt was among the "principals"—all these historic places have, "in the change and chance of time," disappeared from view. Staple Inn remains in its ancient state by the good will of the insurance company that purchased it some twenty years ago.—Law Journal.

Mushrooms.

It would be idle to attempt a word on mushrooms in this narrow space. They are almost of infinite variety. Yet have certain permanent marks by which they are easily distinguished from the poisonous fungi. A true mushroom is never large in size, but seldom exceeding four or five inches in diameter. As regards mushroom poisoning and its antidote, the dangerous principle is a narcotic, and the symptoms are usually great nausea, drowsiness and stupor, attended by acute pains in the joints. The best thing to do in case of "mushroom poisoning" is to partake freely of pure olive oil, which will, nine times out of ten, prove effective.

Nibbles the Wood.

"I'm tired of this old joke about a woman sharpening a pencil with her husband's razor."

"There's nothing in it. No woman sharpens a pencil. She gnaws it to a point."—Washington Herald.

In the latest Style.

Bess—What make of airship is that just passing over?
Dorothy—Oh! that's one of the old style; all the new ones have star shields for the wings.

In 1925.

Governor—Get hold of the state aviator.
Executive Secretary—And then?

Governor—Here is a request for the extradition of one Jones, who is flying over our state and must be caught and returned.

SERIAL STORY

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG AT KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Illustrations by RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Thomas Ardmore and Henry Maine Griswold stumble upon intrigue when the governors of North and South Carolina are reported to have quarreled. Griswold allies himself with Barbara Osborne, daughter of the governor of South Carolina, while Ardmore espouses the cause of Jerry Dangerfield, daughter of the governor of North Carolina. These two ladies are trying to fill the shoes of their fathers, while the latter are missing. Both states are in a turmoil over one Appleweight, an outlaw with great political influence. Unaware of each other's position, both Griswold and Ardmore set out to make the other prosecute. Both have forces scouting the border. Griswold captures Appleweight, but Jerry finds him and takes him to Ardmore, the latter reveals the presence of Appleweight at Ardmore. Ardmore arrests a man on his property who says he is Gov. Osborne. Meanwhile another man is arrested as Appleweight by the South Carolina militia.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Flight of Gillingwater.

"It will be better for me to break the news to Col. Gillingwater," said Jerry, "and you must go and meet the troops yourself, with Mr. Cooke and that amusing Mr. Collins. There is no telling what sort of a fellow he will be. He has never before been so near trouble as he is now, and I may have to give him his first aid to the injured when he finds out that the South Carolina troops are on Raccoon creek, all ready to march upon our sacred soil."

"But suppose your adjutant general shouldn't go back to his troops after he sees you, then what am I to do?" "If you don't see him by ten o'clock you will take personal command and exercise your own discretion as to the best method of landing Appleweight in a South Carolina jail. After that we must find papa, and it will be up to him to satisfy the newspapers and his constituents with some excuse for his strange disappearance."

Collins had come from Raleigh on the evening train, and he had solemnly assured Ardmore that the present state of affairs could not be maintained another 24 hours. He had exhausted all his professional resources, and the North Carolina newspapers of all shades of opinion were clamoring for the truth, and were insisting that, for the honor and dignity of the state, Gov. Dangerfield should show himself in Raleigh.

"We've got to find Dangerfield or bust. Now, where is that eminent statesman, Ardmore? You can't tell me you don't know; but if you don't, Miss Dangerfield does, and she's got to tell."

"She hasn't the slightest idea, but if the newspapers find out that he's really and truly missing, he will have to show up; but first we've got to take Appleweight off that case of Chateau Bizet and lodge him in the jail at Turner Court House, and let Gov. Osborne have the odium of incarcerating the big chief of the border, to whom he is under the greatest political obligations."

"But it's all over the country now that Osborne hasn't been seen in Columbia since he and Dangerfield had that row in New Orleans. Cranks are turning up everywhere, pretending to be governors of various states, and old Dangerfield is seen on all the outgoing steamers. There's been nothing like it since the kidnapping of Charley Ross."

Ardmore drew on his riding-glove reflectively, and a delighted grin illuminated his countenance.

"I caught a lunatic down on the Raccoon this afternoon who said he was the governor of South Carolina, and I locked him up."

"Well, he may be Osborne," remarked Collins, with journalistic suspicion.

"And he may be a Swiss admiral or the king of Mars. I guess I'm a governor myself, and I know what a governor looks like and acts like—you can't fool me. I put this impostor where he'll have a chance to study astronomy to-night."

"Then he isn't on that case of Chateau Bizet with Appleweight?" "No; I locked him in a corn-crib until I get time to study his credentials. Come along now!"

Ardmore, Collins and Cooke rode rapidly away through the wide gates of the estate along the Sapphire road, over which, by his last bulletin, the adjutant general of North Carolina was marching his troops. They had left Cooke's men with Paul's foresters to guard the house and to picket the banks of Raccoon in the immediate neighborhood of the camp of the South Carolinians.

"I guess those fellows can hold 'em till morning," said Cooke. "We've got to clean up the whole business by to-

morrow night. You can't have two states at war with each other this way without shaking up the universe, and if federal troops come down here to straighten things out it won't be funny."

They had ridden about a mile, when Cooke checked his horse with an exclamation.

"There's somebody coming like the devil was after him. It must be Gillingwater."

They drew rein and waited, the quick patter of hoofs ringing out sharply in the still night. The moonlight gave them a fair sweep of the road, and they at once saw a horseman galloping rapidly toward them.

"Lordy, the man's on fire!" gasped Ardmore.

"By George, you're right!" muttered Collins, moving nervously in his saddle. "It's a human sunburst."

"It's only his gold braid," explained the practical Cooke.

Seeing three men drawn across the road, the horseman began to check his flight.

"Ment!" he shouted, as his horse pawed the air with its forefeet, "is this the road to Ardsey?"

"Right you are," yelled Cooke, and they were aware of a flash, a glitter that startled and dazzled the eye, and Col. Rutherford Gillingwater thundered on.

They rode on and saw presently the lights of camp-fires, and a little later were ceremoniously halted at the roadside by an armed guard.

It had been arranged that Collins, who had once been a second lieutenant in the Georgia militia, should be presented as an officer of the regular army, detailed as special aide to Gov. Dangerfield during the encampment, and that in case Gillingwater failed to return promptly he should take command of the North Carolina forces.

An open field had been seized for the night's camp, and the tents already shone white in the moonlight. The three men introduced themselves to the militia officers, and Collins expressed their regret that they had missed the adjutant general.

"Gov. Dangerfield wished you to move your force on to Ardsey should we fail to meet Col. Gillingwater; and you had better strike your tents and be in readiness to advance in case he doesn't personally return with orders."

Capt. Collins, as he had designated himself, apologized for not being in uniform.

"I lost my baggage train," he laughed, "and Gov. Dangerfield is so anxious not to miss this opportunity to settle the Appleweight case that I hurried out to meet you with these gentlemen."

"Appleweight!" exclaimed the group of officers in amazement.

"None other than the great Appleweight!" responded Collins. "The governor has him in his own hands at last, and is going to carry him across the border and into a South Carolina bastille, as a little pleasant on the governor of South Carolina."

The militia officers gave the necessary orders for breaking the half-



Belaboring the Mules Furiously.

formed camp, and then turned their attention to the entertainment of their guests. Ardmore kept track of the time, and promptly at ten o'clock Collins rose from the log by the roadside where they had been sitting.

"We must obey the governor's orders, gentlemen," said Collins courteously, "and march at once to Ardsey. I, you understand, am only a courier, and your guest for the present."

"If you please," asked Cooke, when the line had begun to move forward, "what is that wagon over there?"

He pointed to a mule team hitched to a quartermaster's wagon that a negro was driving into position across the rough field. It was piled high with luggage, a pyramid that rose black against the heavens. One of the militia officers, evidently greatly annoyed, bawled to the driver to get back out of the way.

"Pardon me," said Collins politely, "but is that your personal baggage, gentlemen?"

"That belongs to Col. Gillingwater," remarked the quartermaster. "The rest of us have a suit-case apiece."

The pyramidal baggage wagon had gained the road behind them, and lingered uncertainly, with the driver asleep and waiting for orders. The conspirators were about to gallop forward to the head of the moving column, when Collins pointed across the abandoned camp-ground to where a horseman, who had evidently made a wide detour of the advancing column, rode madly toward the baggage wagon.

"The gentleman's trying to kill his horse, I should judge," murmured Ardmore. "By Jove!"

"It's Gillingwater!" chorused the trio.

The rider in his haste had overlooked the men in the road. He dashed through the wide opening in the fence, left by the militiamen, took the ditch by the roadside at a lead,

wakened the sleeping driver on the wagon with a roar, and himself leaped upon the box and began turning the horses.

"What do you think he's doing?" asked Cooke.

"He's in a hurry to get back to mother's cooking," replied Ardmore. "He's seen Miss Dangerfield and learned that war is at hand, and he's going to get his clothes out of danger. Lordy! Listen to him slashing the mules!"

"But you don't think—" The wagon had swung round, and already was in rapid flight. Collins howled in gloe.

"Come on! We can't miss a show like this!"

"Leave the horses then! There's a hill there that will break his neck. We'd better stop him if we can!" cried Cooke, dismounting.

They threw their reins to the driver of the wagon, who had been brushed from his seat by the impatient adjutant general, and was chanting weirdly to himself at the roadside.

The wagon, piled high with trunks and boxes, was dashing forward, Gillingwater belaboring the mules furiously, and, hearing the shouts of strange pursuers, yelling at the team in a voice shrill with fear.

"Come on, boys!" shouted Ardmore, thoroughly aroused, "catch the spy and traitor!"

The road dipped down into the shadow of a deep cut, where the moon's rays but feebly penetrated, and where the flow of springs had softened the surface; but the pursuers were led on by the rumble of the wagon, which swung from side to side perilously, the boxes swinging about noisily and toppling threateningly at the apex. Down the sharp declivity the wagon plunged like a ship bound for the bottom of the sea.

The pursuers bent gamely to their task in the rough road, with Cooke slightly in the lead. Suddenly he shouted warningly to the others, as something rose darkly above them like a black cloud, and a trunk fell with a mighty crash only a few feet ahead of them. The top had been shaken off in the fall, and into it head first plunged Ardmore.

"There's another coming!" yelled Collins, and a much larger trunk struck and split upon a rock at the roadside. Clothing of many kinds strewn the highway. A pair of trousers, flung fiercely into the air, caught on the limb of a tree, shook free like a banner, and hung there somberly etched against the stars.

Ardmore crawled out of the trunk, screaming with delight. The fragrance of toilet water broke freshly upon the air.

"It's his ammunition!" bawled Ardmore, rubbing his head where he had struck the edge of a tray. "His scent bottles are smashed, and it's only by the grace of Providence that I haven't cut myself on broken glass."

They went down the road, stumbling now and then over a bit of debris from the vanished wagon.

"It's like walking on carpet," observed Cooke, picking up a feathered chapeau. "I didn't know there were so many clothes in all the world."

They abandoned the idea of further pursuit on reaching a trunk standing on end, from which a uniform dress-coat drooped sadly.

"This is not our trouble; it's his trouble. I guess he's struck a smoother road down there. We'd better go back," said Cooke.

In a moment they had climbed the hill and were in hot pursuit of the adjutant general's abandoned army.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Southern Gold and Southern Cotton.

Before 1849 the south furnished the chief gold fields of the country, but since that date the south has not been in the running. This section has been outclassed by California, by Colorado, by Nevada, and last but not least by Alaska. In the last fiscal year Alabama produced gold to the value of \$41,200 and silver to the value of \$200. This state was outranked in gold production in order by North Carolina, Georgia, and South Carolina, but no one of them turned out enough gold to make the round figure of \$100,000. The entire production of gold in the south in the last year was \$256,400 and \$273,000 in silver. Nearly all the silver was mined in Texas.

It is pretty plain that Alabama and all the rest of the south can get more gold out of the soil via the cotton boll than it can dig out in the gold mines proper. The climate and the soil can in that way be coined into gold. The method is a trifle more circuitous, but it yields in cotton alone more money nine times over than do all the gold fields in the country, for the total yield of gold in the last fiscal year in this country was but \$94,560,000.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Woodpecker's Foresight.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception.

But he does not eat the acorn, for as a rule he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and a knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated are predisposed to decay when they are attacked by maggots, which seem to delight in this special food.

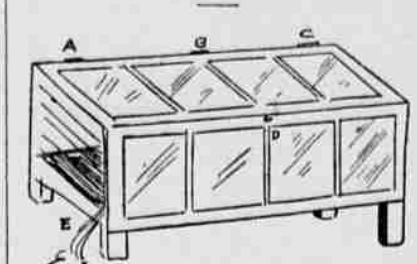
It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground, being covered with snow, he would experience difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food.

BAKED APPLES WITH NUTS

Method of Preparing Fruit Furnishes Agreeable Change for Appetites That Are Palled.

Black walnuts, butternuts or hickory nuts are best for this. For a half-dozen large apples a cupful and a half of nutmeats will be required, with a tablespoonful of sugar allowed for each apple. Chop the nutmeats fine and add to the sugar. Core large, fine apples and fill the cavities with the sugar and nuts. Place them in a dripping pan, not too close; pour a cup of boiling water into the pan and bake in a quick oven until the apples are tender, but not broken. Take up carefully into a glass dish, pour the juice in the pan over them, and, by the way, the baking should not be done in tin, which darkens both apples and juice. Whip the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, flavor with lemon or vanilla and garnish the apples with this. A preserved cherry set on the center of each meringue makes a pretty color effect.

BOX FOR SUNNING ARTICLES



This is a box having panes of glass set in as seen in the picture. It is made any size, and the top is opened by three hinges (a, b, c), and knob at d. The bottom is slightly slanted for draining, which runs at (e). All the articles get a good sunning and are kept from gathering dust or any floating matter. About nine panes of glass makes a good size.

Baked Calves' Head.

Wash the head and place in a large earthen dish, on large iron skewers, laid across the top of the dish; cover it with breadcrumbs, grated nutmeg, chopped sweet herbs, a little fine-cut lemon and flour; thick pieces of butter in the eyes and all over the head, then flour it again; put in the dish a piece of beef, cut small; herbs, an onion, pepper, mace, cloves, a pint of water and bake the head a fine brown. Boil the brains with sage, separately. When the head is done enough take it out and set by the fire to keep warm, then stir all in the dish together and boil in a stew pan; strain it off, put it in the saucepan again with a piece of butter rolled in flour, the brains and sage chopped fine, a spoonful of catsup and two spoons of wine. Beat well together and serve in the dish with the head. Leave the tongue in the head.

Peach Dumpling.

One and one-half cupfuls of flour, one and one-half level teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful butter, one-half cupful milk and three peaches. Sift together the flour and baking powder; work in the butter with fingers, add milk, roll about one-half inch thick. Peel the peaches, cut in halves and remove stones; cut the dough into rounds large enough to inclose the peach halves; place in a buttered steamer and cook over boiling water 20 minutes. Serve with cream sauce.

Sauce—One egg, one cupful sugar, one-half cupful thin cream, one-third cupful milk, one-half teaspoonful vanilla; beat the white of egg until stiff; add the well-beaten yolk; beat in sugar gradually. Dilute the cream with milk; beat until stiff and add the vanilla; add to first mixture. This is delicious.

Ideal Apple Pie.

Pare seven medium-sized apples and core and set them round in a saucepan with one cup of sugar and a teaspoon of lemon juice in water to cover them. Cover and cook slowly until the apples are so soft that they can be pierced with a fine skewer. They must not be soft enough to break. Take up carefully with a wire spoon or skimmer and put into a deep pie tin lined with rich paste rolled thin. Fill the centers with peach or quince marmalade and put narrow strips of paste across the top, crossing them to make diamonds. Bake in a quick oven, and when barely cool serve with whipped cream.

Marshmallow Fudge.

If your marshmallows get a little stale before using try making marshmallow fudge. Put two cups granulated sugar and one cup milk in a saucepan and let the mixture come to a boil. Add one square and a half chocolate, grated, and two tablespoonfuls butter. Cook about ten minutes, then remove from the fire and beat until the fudge gets rather stiff, but not so stiff that it will not pour easily. Break marshmallows into several pieces, place in the bottom of a dish and pour the fudge over them.

Orange Omelet.

Half the rind of an orange grated finely and three tablespoonfuls of orange juice. Beat separately the yolks and whites of three eggs. Sweeten with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Add the sugar, and rind and juice to the eggs. Stir in the whites and turn onto a hot buttered omelet pan. When a golden brown, fold and serve on a dish.

A BOOK FOR SPORTSMEN.

Every one interested in hunting should write for copy of 1910 Game Laws which contains 120 pages telling where the various kinds of game abound, when the seasons open and close, and what laws govern the hunting and game in each state. This book can be had free by writing to M. H. Hartley Co., 299 Broadway, New York, merely by mentioning the name of this paper.

The Modern Way.

A couple of young men on the Market street viaduct the other evening offered a new version of an old saw. After they had passed a couple of auburn-haired damselfs one of the young men took his stand at the curb and gazed up and down the bridge.

"What are you looking for?" inquired his companion.

Pointing to the red-headed girl, the young man answered: "I'm trying to see a white automobile."—Youngstown Telegram.

SKIN BEAUTY PROMOTED

In the treatment of affections of the skin and scalp which torture, disfigure, itch, burn, scale and destroy the hair, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the complexion, fallible. Millions of women throughout the world rely on these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, and for the sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, Mass., sole Proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies, will mail free, on request, their latest 32-page Cuticura Book on the skin and hair.

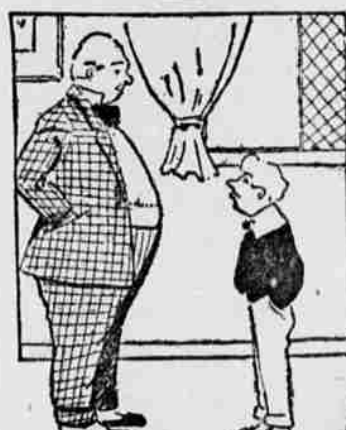
Stepmother of Mint Julep.

Romance and poetry have delighted to weave garlands with which to celebrate and perpetuate the glory of the blue grass in old Kentucky, famed for its fine horses, beautiful women and mint.

Kentucky has been designated as the home of the mint julep, and its colonels have become famous all over the world for the easy and graceful way in which they drink whisky with a little dash of sugar and a sprig or two of mint in order, chiefly to overcome the necessity for a large amount of water in the beverage. The true Kentuckian doesn't want his whisky drowned.

It transpires, however, that the real home of the mint and the mint julep is right here in Missouri, whose crop of mint last year amounted to 7,653 pounds, or enough to make 1,234,320 juleps. This amount includes the marketed product only, no account having been taken of the countless thousands of juleps which were compounded during the year with a base of the undiluted moonshine whisky that never paid a cent of tax.—St. Louis Star.

ACCURACY



"Yes, Henry, I've traveled in every corner of the globe."
"The globe is a spherical ball, uncle. Therefore it has no corners!"—Chips.

Doing Out Knowledge.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, what is the origin of the name Milwaukie and what does it mean?

Mr. Chugwater—It comes from the Latin word mille, meaning a thousand, and Wan Kee, a Chinaman; Milwaukie, a thousand Chinamen. Think you can remember that?

WONDERED WHY.

Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never felt much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it. After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum."

"I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became fond of it."

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 148 pounds. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new cure appears from time to time, but only one is genuine, true, and full of human interest.